

Canterburies Conscience convicted:

O. R.

His dangerous projects, and evill intents, tending to the subversion of Religion detected: as also some particulars of those Treasons whereof he is now attainted, lying prisoner in the Tower this present. 1641.

To the tune of *All ye that cry O hone, O hone: or, The wandering Souldier.*



As by faire Londons Tower I walkt,
I heard, a Prisoner make great moane;
And thus unto him selfe he talkt,
Good God from me all joyes are gone.

I lookt about and there I found
Loyd Canterbury in distresse,
With folded armes he trac'd the ground,
And these sad words he did expresse.

O England England I confesse,
That an ill Shepheard I have bene,
I sought to bring thee in distresse;
Lord Iesus Christ forgiue my sin.

Twase I that lately made a way
For Popish wolues to suck thy blood,
Twase I that should have bene thy Ray,
But ever did more harme then good.

Twase I that mov'd the King of late
To take up armes against the Scots,
I have offended King and State,
But the Parliament found out my plots.

And now I find an honest heart
Is better then a cunning tongue,
Such honest men as I did thwart,
I now repent I did them wrong.

My wisdome and my schollership
Advanced me to high renowne,
But justice gave me such a trip,
That justly brought my honour downe.

Ambitious thoughts my minde did sway,
As I did sway faire Englands lawes,
Which made the people daily say
I laboure'd not an honest cause.

Like Icharus I sozed high.
And with the wings of fame I flew,
But in the twinkling of an eye,
Myne honours bid me all adieu.

Greatnesse with goodnesse seldom meet,
He is not alwaies good that's great:
Where wit and grace each other greet,
That makes a gentleman compleat.

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The second part

To the same tune,



How oft have I the lawes abus'd,
By mighty power who durst withstand,
The innocent was still accus'd,
I had the law at my command.

Each day by day I shew'd my spite,
And fill'd the commons hearts with woe,
And whether it was wrong or right,
If I said I, it must be so.

I threaten'd the Judges still,
My very looks kept them in awe,
Because that I would have my will,
Against all reason right and law.

I rul'd the law, the law not me,
In my high Inquisition Court,
And there I us'd such cruelty,
Which grieves me now for to report.

Now justice knowes what England ayles,
She stands to doe faire England right,
She weighes my actions in her scales,
And then she finds my grace too light.

Had I but so much gracious bin,
According to my honozed place,
I had been cleare from many a sin,
Which lately brought me to disgrace.

My power was so mighty growne,
As if it would osetop the State,
But now of late tis overthrowne,
I bought it at too deare a rate.

I licent had perissions were,
Ladders to climbe to Popery,
Which I my selfe esteem'd deare,
My bad intents was knowne hereby.



I liued in this glorious baine,
Till England was almost undone,
Untill the Commons did complaine,
And said I was the Popes olme sonne.

But now I live to see the day
Where I so much deserve your hate,
I dare not now for pittie pray,
Because I find it is too late.

England forgive thy shephard now,
That feed the wolves and starb'd the lambe,
Forst them at Altars for to bow,
The Custome of the Popish ravenne.

I well remember what I did
To put the French and Dutch Church
A great mans fault may long be hid,
Till justice upon him doe frowne.

I knowe good Protestants they are
Good subjects to the King likewise,
Yet I ill will to them did beare
And ever more did them despise.

That Cardinall Wolsey by name,
Did build his honoz on the sands,
And brought himselfe at length to shame,
That once had all at his command.

I sometimes was almost as great,
I only lackt a hat and staffe,
But now I'me fallen from my seat,
And every child at me doth laugh.

So farewell world and glorious name,
Waine glorious name without delay:
Farewell baine pompe and idle fame,
Now I from you am forst to part.